



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

The Art Gallery

SOME SKETCHES AND STUDIES.



THAT most popular of American artists in England, Mr. George H. Boughton—we suppose that we may claim him for a countryman—gives us in the illustration on the opposite page another of his familiar Puritan maidens. Whether it be "Priscilla," "Evangeline," or "Rose Standish," she is easily recognizable for her purely Boughtonesque characteristics in drawing and color. The drawing is always good and the color harmonizes; but the model seems to be ever the same, and one finds but little variation in the arrangement of the sad-hued garments which combine with the inevitable sickly green of the landscape. One might be proud to own either "Priscilla," "Evangeline," or "Rose Standish;" but for our own choice, in a single private collection of paintings, we would almost as soon hang a picture and its replica as any two of Mr. Boughton's Puritan maidens. As we have not given one before in these columns we present his latest—Puritan Maiden No. 3—called "Rose Standish" in the catalogue of the Grosvenor Gallery, where it was exhibited this year, "Ex una disce omnes."

The admirable studies of faces on pages 96 and 97 are autographic drawings by the eminent Parisian painter, M. Emile Bayard, from his remarkable frieze in the Théâtre Palais Royal. Each is really a portrait of some popular comedian. Few of the originals are known to fame on this side of the Atlantic, however, and we give their faces solely for their excellence as character studies. M. Bayard is a worthy pupil of Léon Cogniet, who is best known in this country, perhaps, by engravings of his picture, "Tintoretto Painting his Dead Daughter," although in France he has a high reputation as a decorator, his ceilings at the Louvre and the Madeleine being esteemed as works of great merit. M. Bayard—who, like his master, by the way, is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor—is an exhibitor at the Salon. In 1874 he sent there "The Narrow Pass" and "During the Siege of Paris;" in 1875, "The Day After Waterloo;" in 1876, a decorative panel, "A Guingette in the Eighteenth Century," and in 1877, the two panels, "The Bathers" and "The Skaters." His time is now almost entirely occupied with decorative work.

The sketch by Camille Piton, on this page, is from a clever painting by Captain Joseph J. Cusachs, a soldier

artist of Spain, who bids fair to attain distinction as a painter of animated scenes of military life and manners.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DESERTED STUDIO BUILDING—PICTURES AT THE ART DEALERS' SHOPS—THE MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION—DUNSMORE'S "MACBETH"—OTHER PAINTINGS.

BOSTON, September 13, 1881.

BOSTON artists are almost all still away from the city, gathering honey for their winter hives. A walk

staple feminine work—landscapes, animal studies, and portraits, in laudable abundance. The veteran landscapist, Ordway, too, has coaxed a plateful of fragrant peaches into yielding up their pink and purple secrets of color.

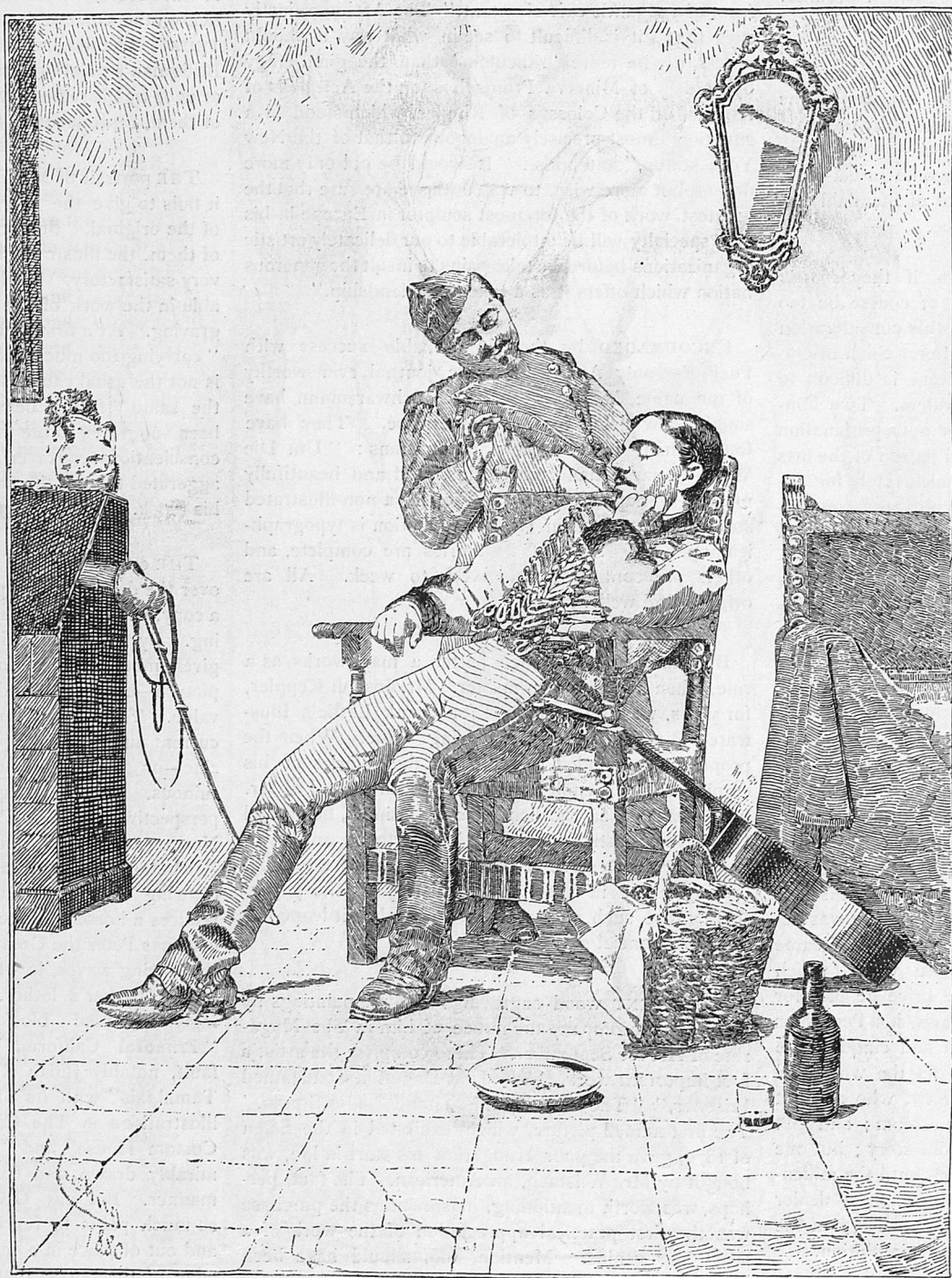
Outside the studio building Boston art has hardly recovered yet from its summer prostration. Nevertheless a few good things may be seen at the art-dealers' shops. Among them is Thomas Cole's "Boston in 1827," a view of the old city from the ancient earthworks at Roxbury. An endeavor is being made to purchase this picture for the Massachusetts Historical Society—an endeavor which ought to succeed, for the

picture is delicately and beautifully executed, aside from its historic value. Its price is six hundred dollars, one half the sum being already pledged. Quite appropriately the galleries just now abound in landscapes and summer pastorals. Jacque's healthful and restful landscapes with grazing flocks hang almost side by side with those of his pupil Ceramano in charming rivalry.

Enneking is one of the few artists who linger near Boston in these sultry days. His home at Hyde Park, a few miles away, furnishes a ready-made sylvan retreat. One of his November twilights hangs in the gallery of Williams & Everett. Enneking's pictures belong to the kind of art-diet upon which one can feed steadily and safely. They are a kind of artistic daily bread that contains no poisonous ingredients or surfeiting sweets. They are pictures that make trustworthy, life-long friends. Although many of them are so wintry in aspect, with frozen earth and bleak skies, they do not suggest shivering discomfort, for we may almost surely count upon a snug cottage somewhere in the landscape from whose fire-lighted windows warmth and radiance stream forth. The artist has executed a connected series of these autumn and winter scenes, which have never been hung in a monotonous line, but which have appeared at such intervals as gave them birth in the artist's thought.

The great art event of this month in Boston is the

opening of the huge gallery of the Mechanics' Association. This venerable institution, which dates back to the time of Paul Revere, who was its first president, has always given ample space and generous encouragement to American art. Its triennial exhibitions, which are always visited by some hundreds of thousands of eager sight-seers, have undoubtedly done more for the popularization of art than the special exhibitions which are visited by more select audiences. The new building in Huntington Avenue, covering over two acres, is itself a work of art, well worth deliberate study. The main art-gallery, which was opened at



"A LITTLE FUN." BY J. J. CUSACHS. DRAWN BY CAMILLE PITON.

through the labyrinthine studio-building last Saturday was depressing. Of the whole artistic force there remained only one rheumatic veteran, whose sensitive physique forbids his lurking for effects among the dews and twilights; one ambitious youth, scarcely past boyhood, who tenants another artist's vacant studio, and one silver-tongued woman-artist, Miss Gorham, whose open door revealed a series of flower panels. By the way, one always expects to see flower-pieces in a woman's studio. Other things may be there, too, but the floral panel or plaque never beats a retreat. Miss Gorham's room, though, contains something beside this

noon to-day, is 88 feet in length by 47 feet, and 24 feet in height, with an overarching roof of glass. It is already filled with pictures, many of them of imposing size. But of the hundred and sixty-nine large canvases in the American exhibit only ninety-three have yet been catalogued. In the next gallery, which measures 70 by 43 feet, no cataloguing whatever has yet been done, and the observer must depend upon his wits for interpretation.

Over the central door of the larger room hangs John W. Dunsmore's "Macbeth." It is the witch scene upon the heath, and contains a group of five figures in the foreground, with the banners, steeds, and dim figures of Macbeth's advancing army in the background against a sulphurous sunset sky. Macbeth, whose colossal figure is seven feet in height, is clad in the military trappings of his century, and stands with foot advanced and hand outstretched in horrified protest. He has the look of a man whose blood is frozen with fear. He is no more master of himself in this scene than afterward when he yields helplessly to the stronger will of Lady Macbeth. The artist has well indicated this moral paralysis and physical helplessness. Macbeth in this picture is the instrument of fate. Every other figure upon the canvas is self-possessed. Banquo stands firmly planted, looking sideways at the witches in sneering and defiant incredulity. He is a powerful specimen of Scotch solidity and squareness, and was painted from a bona fide Scotch yeoman, whom the artist accidentally came upon. Macbeth is painted from Salvini, and those who recall the great tragedian's impersonation will no doubt recognize his face and attitude in the picture. The three witches are in prophetic postures, with skinny brown arms outstretched, and shaking fingers pointing to the fatal future. A haggard old Italian woman from the streets of Paris did duty as a model for these three gaunt and uncanny beings. The rocks on which they kneel or stand in writhing incantation are very strongly painted. The heath is bare, except for a few lonesome weeds in the foreground. On the whole the artist has given a strong and vivid rendering of this tragic, intense, and fateful scene. Hitherto we have had no worthy American interpretation of Shakespeare on canvas. The stage interpretation of the great poet has left the canvas far behind. It is to be hoped that Mr. Dunsmore's picture, although by no means a perfect work of art, will still help to set the current in the direction of Shakespearean study.

The exhibition contains two other pictures by the same young artist, who is one of Couture's pupils, and has had the benefit of four winters' study in Paris. The other pictures are "The Artist" and "The Message." The first is a studio scene. The painter, in brilliantly colored costume, sits before his easel and has thrown himself back in critical attitude for a survey of his work. If one looks closely at the diminutive picture upon the easel, one sees that it is a tiny copy of the great "Macbeth" above the door. The bending witches, the affrighted chieftain, and the scornful Banquo are all reproduced. Yet the artist figure bears no likeness to the actual painter. This picture is spirited and expressive. The scene suggests the intense emotional temperament of the typical artist—his ambition and his eager enjoyment of his work. "The Message" is the figure of a beautiful woman standing out against a soft, blue sky and stretching both hands to welcome a carrier-pigeon. The lady's face is turned away toward the dove; but any loss in this direction is compensated by the view of

her beautiful hair, which falls in a broad, loose braid below her waist. This most graceful feature of the picture is borrowed from a study of the massive plaits which adorn the head of the wife of a well-known artist.

The most noticeable portrait in this room is Vinton's "Wendell Phillips." It has all the downrightness of the original. The artist has not chosen a moment of oratorical furor for his painting, but one of meditation. Still there is no poetry in the face. It speaks of ways and means and sturdy resolves, and hints the stalwart pioneer of social rectitude. As usual in American art exhibitions, there is here a great predominance of landscapes; many of them minister gently to our love of

flower pieces, "Peonies and Snow-ball" and "Wisteria." Mr. Seavey puts a sky and an atmosphere into his simple pictures which adds pleasantly to the effect. There is a great diversity of excellence among the flower pieces at the fair. Certain sprays of kalmia and apple-blossoms are marvellous approaches to nature, while close beside them are golden-rod, which might pass for a brilliant ostrich-feather, and barberries in the glorious colors of sunset.

Bicknell's picture, "Lincoln at the Battlefield of Gettysburg," reappears here, and many who know nothing of its artistic merit linger before it to study its familiar portraits. Charles Sprague Pearce's "Be-

heading of John the Baptist" is one of the largest pictures, and is placed opposite Dunsmore's "Macbeth." The entire collection is a most interesting exhibit of contemporary American art, and deserves more elaborate study and criticism than the present space will permit. ALPHA.

"BOGUS" PICTURES.

FEW persons are aware of the extent to which the "bogus" picture business is carried on in this city. There are whole stores where only such pictures are sold, and into which visitors to the city are allured by the continual cry of the auctioneer. Entering, they see ranged about the walls pictures which attract the eye by their gaudy brilliancy, and, having but a limited knowledge of paintings, they become possessed with the idea that here they can buy something of real merit for a small part of its value. "What am I offered now for this masterpiece?" exclaimed an auctioneer in one of these stores not long since to a crowd of persons who stood before him. The picture in question was called "A Scene in Venice, by Ralazzi," whoever he may be or have been. "Five dollars!" shouted a man, whose large felt hat showed that he was a stranger. "Five dollars!" repeated the auctioneer in apparent surprise. "Why, gentlemen, I'm not selling the frame only, but the picture too." And then he continued repeating the bids until these had increased to \$14.50, when the picture was knocked down to a young man who wore pomatum on his hair. Subsequent investigation showed that this picture, with the frame, could be bought down town for \$3.50.

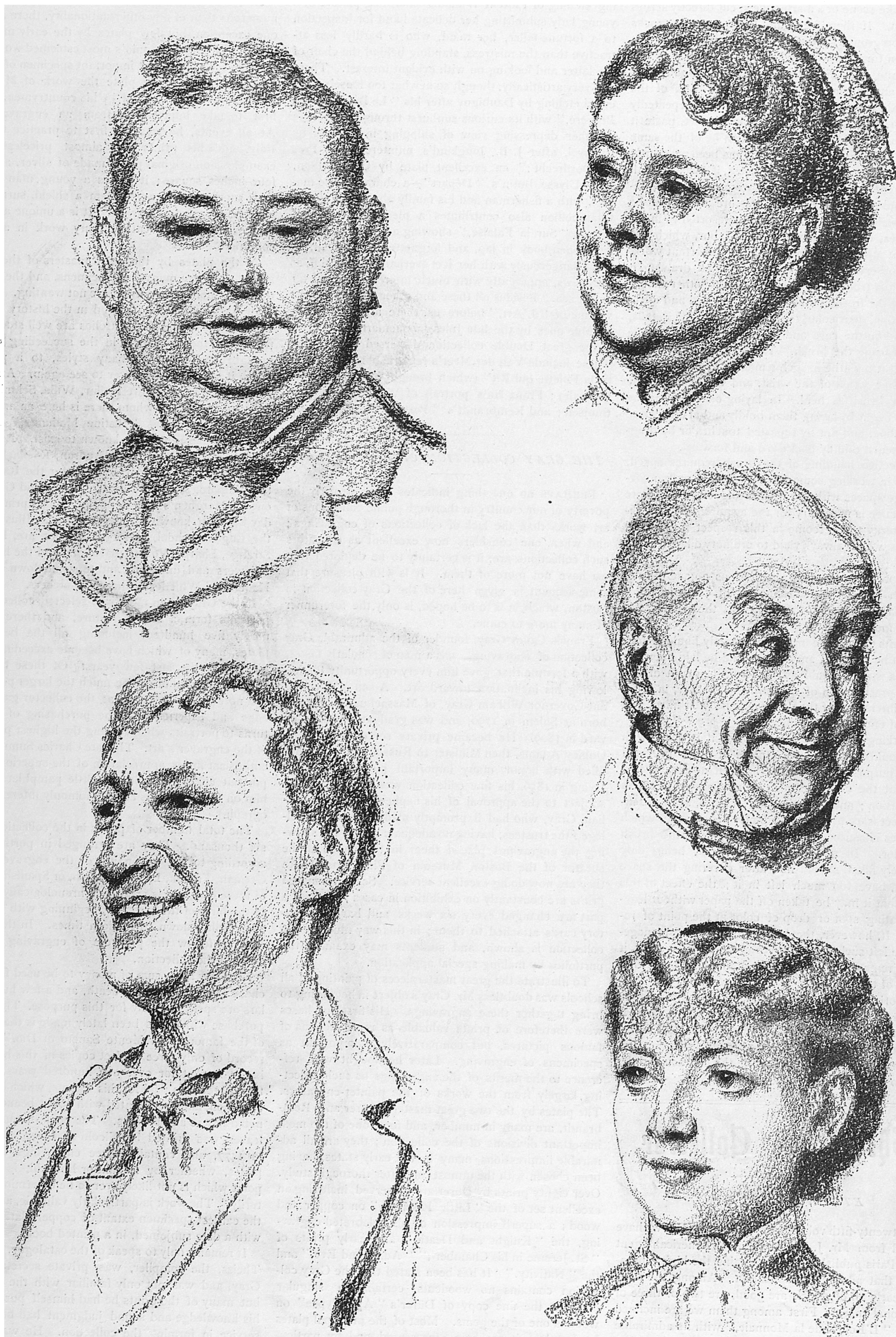
It is, however, at the auctions held in the "family mansions," the contents of which "must be sold on account of the financial embarrassment of the owner," that the largest prices are obtained for "bogus" pictures. At such a sale recently, in an uptown brown-stone house, the catalogue began with such titles as "Garden of Versailles, by Mesoner," "Rocky Mountains, by Shaffer," and the "Dash for Liberty, by Levy." "Have you anything by Pietro Funco?" the auctioneer was asked. "Oh, yes!" said he, and leading the way to the middle room upstairs he pointed to

a very dingy representation of mountain scenery which he called "Morning in the Alps." It was so vague and blurred, however, that it was impossible to ascertain which was the "morning" and which the "Alps." "It's a grand thing," said the auctioneer. "It should by rights have been on the catalogue, but it was omitted through accident." The "Dash for Liberty, by Levy" was soon sold to an old lady for \$38, and some of the other pictures brought almost as much. The next day, singular to relate, some of the same pictures that had been sold the day previous and taken down and packed up appeared on the walls again in their old places. Had the purchasers refused to pay for their



"ROSE STANDISH." BY G. H. BOUGHTON.

the beautiful; a few jar harshly upon the taste. Bannister, a colored artist of Providence, has a beautiful large-size forest scene; Picknell exhibits his immense partly wooded open field called "Sur le bord du marais;" Ernest Longfellow shows two of his transparent pictures, "Morning" and "Evening" on the Nile. George L. Brown has three pictures on exhibition here, all saturated with his gorgeous atmospheric color. Mr. Inness shows several landscapes, "The Pontine Marshes" and one or two other cloud-shadowed pieces, all in his ambitious and impressive style. Ziem's "Sweet Waters of Asia" appears as a delightful old acquaintance, and not far away are Seavey's charming



FAC-SIMILES OF PORTRAIT STUDIES. BY ÉMILE BAYARD.

DRAWN FOR THE FRIEZE OF THE FOYER IN THE PALAIS ROYAL.

(SEE PAGE 92.)



FAC-SIMILES OF PORTRAIT STUDIES. BY ÉMILE BAYARD.

DRAWN FOR THE FRIEZE OF THE FOYER IN THE PALAIS ROYAL.

(SEE PAGE 92.)